

THE LIGUORIAN



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READ WHAT THEY SAY

"The Liguorian is a splendid magazine. We enjoy reading it very much."

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XIV.

MARCH, 1926

No. 3

Holy Thursday Night

O Night of nights! O night divine!
When Christ was given in Bread and Wine!

No starlit heavens beautify this night
No angel hosts gleam from the starry height;
No angel message from the heavens rings;
Nor, with their royal state and gifts, come kings.

A hush lies on the Apostolic band
As Jesus takes the simple bread in hand;
Deep sorrow glistens darkly in His eyes
As all the morrow's throes before Him rise;

Or was it love, that made His dear Heart grieve
To think that now His chosen He must leave?
Or was it love, thwarted in Judas' heart,
That urged Him to the limit e'er He part?

His power so oft, moved by the sight of grief,
He used that sick and sad might find relief;
A father's pleas—a mother's anguished cries,
Made tender tears adorn His blessed eyes.

This night, farther horizons rose to view:
Time's bounds He scanned—all men—and me and you,
In all that throng that longed His face to see,
To touch His garment's hem and solaced be.

One upward glance—His Father's will to invoke,
A blessing—and the wondrous words He spoke:
The Supper Room a Bethlehem is made
And God upon the altar-table laid.

For swaddling clothes—the lowly form of bread;
For crib—a chalice, where His Blood is shed;
And every day is Christmas day anew,
For Christ is born in Bread for me and you.

O Night of nights! O night divine!
When Christ was given in Bread and Wine!

T. Z. Austin, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

SETTING UP EXERCISES

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Father Tim, I've discovered the besetting sin of Catholics," announced Father McMahon. "I had long suspected what it was—now I know."

"What is it—combativeness?"

"Quite the contrary. Spiritual discouragement, a species of despair."

"Why, 'of Catholics'?"

"Because Protestants seem to go to the other extreme and fall into presumption. They look upon God as a friendly neighbor with whom it is good form to be on friendly terms but whom they believe in keeping in his place."

"Such a god is not God at all."

"I know it."

"Then surely you do not regret the fact that Catholics do not look upon Him in that light."

"No, but I do regret that they so often allow the salutary and necessary fear of the Lord to degenerate into a sort of despair of serving Him or keeping His holy law."

Father Casey turned and scrutinized the younger priest who sat dejectedly huddled in the big armchair gloomily eyeing the dying embers.

"My dear Father McMahon," he said, "methinks it is not so much the sheep that are discouraged, as the shepherd. Come, get it out of your system. What image has been shattered? What castle has fallen?"

"I have good reason to be discouraged," returned Father McMahon, "when I see the most promising of my young people give up the struggle, stop trying to avoid sin, and helplessly declare that it can't be done."

"What does God give them a pastor for but to help them through precisely such a crisis?"

"I have tried everything, but they say it is no use—that they are too weak and the temptations are too strong."

"Of course you recommended that sweet and consoling motive of confidence—devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Our Divine Redeemer foresaw just how poor sinners would feel after repeatedly breaking all their good resolutions and weakly yielding to temptation. Hence He made His Own Mother the refuge of sinners so that the thought of this motherly advocate would prevent them from falling into despair. Surely you recommended devotion to her."

"Of course I did. But even that means has failed."

"What devotion did you point out in particular and insist on their practising?"

"Oh, I don't know that I stressed any definite devotion. I urged them to be devout to the Blessed Mother and put their trust in her and pray to her in the time of temptation. But as to insisting on a particular devotion—no, I did not. I believe in giving them liberty of choice in such matters."

"If you were a physician," said Father Casey, "and you were called upon to treat a case of pneumonia, I suppose you would tell the patient to take some kind of medicine, and then you would leave him freedom of choice to select the medicine that best pleased him."

"Well, I have sometimes suggested the rosary."

"Did they say it?"

"The good ones did. Those who needed it most made a few desultory attempts, and then abandoned it. They complained of lack of time."

"A lame excuse indeed. Anybody that is really in earnest about saving his soul can easily find the eight or ten minutes daily required to recite the rosary. However, we physicians of the soul must, like physicians of the body, take patients as we find them. If we cannot get them to do the thing we prescribe, we must prescribe the thing we can get them to do. Did you never try the devotion of the three Hail Mary's?"

"I have mentioned it sometimes but without insisting upon it. It never appealed to me particularly—it is rather insignificant."

"My boy, St. Alphonsus Liguori had about as wide experience in dealing with souls as any man that ever lived. He did not think the devotion of the three Hail Mary's insignificant. In fact, he says that he always recommended it to persons addicted to sins against the holy virtue, and that he never knew it to fail."

"With all due respect to St. Alphonsus Liguori and his wide experience, I will say that I have known it to fail—and fail frequently."

"I thought you said a moment ago that you never seriously recommended this devotion to those who sought counsel from you."

"True, but other priests had recommended it to them, and so I had a chance to study its effects, and see it fail."

"Are you at liberty to enumerate the details of some of these cases?"

"Certainly. Let me—let me see. I really cannot, just at this moment, recall any particular case—yet I know I have had numbers of them."

"Come, come, Father, if you are going to put forward your own experience as a refutation of such an authority as St. Alphonsus, the least you can do is to cite a definite and unquestionable case."

"Ah, now, I remember one. There was a young man I knew well; he often came to me for advice. He was good at heart, though, undoubtedly, a little weak. Well, this young man had got into evil ways but was now heartily disgusted with himself and wanted to reform. He attended a mission given by a Redemptorist Father who made him promise to practise that devotion of St. Alphonsus, the three Hail Mary's. He must have been really in earnest, for he kept his promise faithfully. But at the end of five years he was just as bad as he had been at the beginning."

"Yes? And at the end of the next five years?"

"What do you mean, Father Casey?"

"I asked, what was his condition after practising the devotion the next five years."

"Oh, he didn't practise it another five years. He thought it was doing him no good, and so he got discouraged and quit. But even at that, I think he had given it a fair tryout."

"Do you call that a refutation of the statement of St. Alphonsus? St. Alphonsus says that whoever practises this devotion faithfully will be cured; you say you know a case where a man practised it until he got discouraged and quit, and he was not cured. Do you call that a refutation?"

"Well, how long must one keep up the devotion?"

"Until God cures him. He cannot set down time limits for God. He must practise the devotion and persevere in practising it. If he does so, God will surely cure him."

"That just reminds me of the case of a young man who practised the devotion until he died, without being cured of his evil habit. He couldn't do more than that. You must admit that that is valid proof."

"The young man, you say, died a bad death?"

"No, I did not say that. On the contrary, he repented and died a most edifying death. But up to the time of his last illness he had made no progress whatever, despite the fact that he practised the devotion so faithfully."

"It seems to me that a good death is the greatest grace anybody can receive," said Father Casey.

"Why, certainly," replied Father McMahon.

"Then how can you say that he found the devotion a failure? It was most likely due to his fidelity in practising this devotion that God gave him the grace to repent in his last days, despite his repeated sins. Furthermore, when you cite a practical case and, from it, try to prove that this devotion fails in its effects, you must always remember that the devotion is a devotion. It does not consist in a mere mechanical repetition of the words, just as though they formed a magic talisman which can work marvels. Before one can say that he is practising this devotion, he must be honestly resolved to try his best to avoid sin and then he must turn to God and the Blessed Virgin and offer this prayer to them with full confidence that they will give him the strength necessary to keep his resolution."

"Father Casey, if this devotion does what you claim for it, then surely we should do all in our power to propagate it. I must confess that it is rather hazy to me. In just what does the devotion consist, and how did it originate?"

"It consists," explained Father Casey, "in reciting, morning and evening, on bended knees, three Hail Mary's, adding after each Hail Mary, the invocation: By your holy and immaculate conception, O Mary, make my body pure and my soul holy. The three Hail Mary's are offered to the three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity in thanksgiving for the spotless purity which they bestowed upon the Blessed Virgin Mary. The invocation is added to secure her powerful assistance in our efforts to avoid every sin. It should be the first devotion on rising each morning and the last before retiring at night. Thus every day and every night is set in a golden setting, framed in a precious frame—the three Hail Mary's.

"The devotion," he continued, "originates from a revelation made by Our Blessed Lady to St. Mechtilde. Mary frequently appeared to this saint and held long and loving converse with her. On this occasion she said: 'I will come to assist you in your last hour; but you must recite three Hail Mary's every day. I will fill your soul with a love so sweet and strong that all the pains and bitterness of death will be transformed into sweetness and delight.' The saint, in her burning zeal, published wherever she could, this so easy and so efficacious devotion. After her, devout men and women, holy nuns, priests and bishops, even the Popes themselves, practised, praised, and propagated this devotion. Among its most ardent champions were St. Anthony, St. Leonard, and St. Alphonsus.

"And well might they love it. The two most important things, in fact, the only two important things, are to be good and to stay good until death. Our Blessed Lady promises these two graces to all who faithfully practise the devotion of the three Hail Mary's. I might try to put into words all my esteem for this devotion, but another, far more eloquent, has already done it for me. St. Alphonsus says he cherishes this devotion because it is celestial in its origin, sublime in its symbolism, sweet to the lips and hearts of Mary's children, beautiful in its effects, and infallibly efficacious in securing the graces most necessary for all who practise it."

"That," commented Father McMahon, "sounds encouraging—even more encouraging than the study of 'Will Power,' which I recommended to a young man in the hope that it would lift him out of his despondent mood."

"Study of 'Will Power'!" cried Father Casey. "Tell him to drop it, and say the three Hail Mary's—three Hail Mary's morning and night, and after each Hail Mary, the invocation: By your holy and immaculate conception, O Mary, make my body pure and my soul holy."

The mother of a poor, but ambitious boy, who was leaving home to make his fortune, told him to remember always that, though it is a good thing to be a great man, it is a far better thing to be a good man.

There are but few really peaceful souls because there are so few who really pray.

A Message To Young Men

I. THE MALADY

M. H. PATHE, C.Ss.R.

I have been anxious for a long time to write to you on a matter that interests me very much. I have been trying to study the condition of the spiritual life of our young men. I will confess from the start that I am not by nature given to the habit of fault-finding, still less am I ruled by any spirit of pessimism. Nor need I assure you that in aught I shall say have I any motive other than a great desire to awaken young men to a realization of their responsibility to their God, their Country and to themselves. A good physician may not be called cruel who lays bare a wound in order to apply his cure. Nor shall I be termed unkind if I expose the cancerous condition of the modern youth, when I avow that my sole object in doing so is to prevent the death to which this condition must ultimately lead.

That crime is on the increase, and that the list of criminals is largely made up of young men, are sayings now whose triteness has almost made them commonplace. Yet the Courtroom, the penitentiary, and the detention home pick up only the flotsam and jetsam of the greater wreckage on the sea of humanity. It is a horrid sight indeed that meets your eyes when you look into the records of the Criminal Courts, but this is only a painting of the actual looseness of morals which crawls like a slimy thing through the larger heart of young manhood.

In private life, in home relation, in the dealings with those outside the home, there has been a wholesale departure from the old standards that were rooted in the principles of the Decalogue.

"Your bodies," says Paul of Tarsus, "are the temples of the Holy Ghost." From these temples, whose heart is as an altar, there should arise to God the incense of constant prayer. Cleanliness becomes the house of God. Come into the sanctuary of a young man's heart, and see how it has been defiled. Evil practices of private sin have wrought a dreadful havoc. Long ago in boyhood these bad habits were begun. They were learned from some devil who walked under the guise of a companion or a pal. Each succeeding act has more and more enslaved the will—the Keeper of the Sanctuary—and the once fair temple of God is now become a veritable den of thieves.

The enemy has stolen into the camp in the early morning of this young man's life, and Impurity remains in possession of the citadel through all the better years of his manhood. There are futile efforts betimes to drive him out—futile, because ephemeral. In wiser years the young man complains of his unhappy lot. His older brothers sympathize with him—but self-pity and the sympathy of others are only Job's comforters to him now.

If the young man escapes this pitfall there are others waiting for him.

Much has been written in recent years of this strange exotic called Prohibition. Grandiloquent speeches are still in the air describing the benefits this new law has wrought upon Society. To anyone acquainted with actual conditions—to anyone who lives, not in the shadowy realms of dreams, but in the land of fact, it must be patent that intoxicating drink is a more common source of ruin in the lives of young men today than it ever was in the past. Ever anxious to ape the conduct of their elders, they are particularly successful in their methods of circumventing the laws of Prohibition. Impurity indeed has conquered its thousands, but intoxicating liquor has ruined its tens of thousands.

The popular young man today among his fellows is he who can supply the drinks for the party. The young man who does not drink is like the man "Who hath not music in his soul"—"fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils"; and the word goes round the board—"let no such man be trusted." The young men of today are drinking, and to add to the shame of it they are poisoning both body and soul with the raw rottenness which unscrupulous profiteers tell them is "good liquor." Thus reason is dulled, the mind is weakened, and the dwarfed powers of the body are made totally unfit for the duties of later life.

This breaking down of old traditions shows in its glaring boldness in the home. Paternal authority has been so disregarded that parents now throw up their hands in acknowledging their inability to guide back the straying steps of their sons. Once, indeed, a mother's desire was law to her son. Once, indeed, a father exercised the rights of a king in his own home. Now, forsooth, the petted and pampered darling is the Czar whose will brooks no contradiction. He can come and go as he pleases. He can associate with whomsoever he may choose. What if his companions are the kind he dares not introduce to his sisters—they're *his* companions, aren't they? That's enough. His mouth is

filled with profane and blasphemous language. The sacred name of the Saviour of mankind is spoken as flippantly as though it were a word of slang, and is often evoked even in the obscene story. Not infrequently this product of the Twentieth Century carries in his pocket pictures whose slimy thumb-marks are not more filthy than the ideas which they portray.

But withal there is an external appearance of refinement. He is well dressed, clean-shaven, carries himself erect, and without a doubt, is handsome. Thus favored by nature he readily wins the attention of some young woman, and enters into the trying days of company keeping. A soldier going into battle without sword or gun is not less prepared against his enemy than is this young man against the enemy of his soul. When the heart is afire with passion, when the brain is reeling with desire, when the powers of nature are clamoring for unbridled liberty—and when Will has abdicated and Conscience has been drugged, then falls the last rampart of Christian manhood—and great is the fall thereof. Years of slavery ensue—abject and hopeless slavery. All the ideals of other and better days are razed to the ground, and the God-given faculties of man are carried into Captivity.

Marriage, he fondly thought, would end the agony of self-reproach. Aye! forsooth! Witness the prevalence of those sinful practices in married life today, whereby the laws of Nature and of Nature's God are travestied because the heart that long adored the Molten Image of Pleasure will acknowledge no other Master.

Oh! Young Men! husbands of tomorrow! Stop! Consider! Are you thoroughly imbued with the magnitude of your responsibility to God—to your fellowmen and to yourselves? Can you be blind to the dreadful consequences that trail in the wake of the false philosophy rife in this Twentieth Century?

Can you fail to hearken to the pleadings of the better manhood that is in you? Ever impelling you to do and dare all that becomes a man?

Burst asunder the chains that fetter your soul. Come back to the lessons of piety you once learned. Come back to the respect you once paid to womanhood. Come back to the guiding principles of virtue. Come back again to God.

Make sure that those to whom you come nearest be the happier, at least by your presence.—*Walter Pater.*

"Sunny" Joe

NEVER NEVER AGAIN

EDWARD A. MANGAN, C.Ss.R.

"Still a kid." How often had this expression followed the sudden arrival and still more sudden departure of Joseph S. Downing, who on his way home from his happy day at college, invariably left in his wake a motley crowd of victims to his boyish tricks. In age he was no longer a boy but his laugh, his gay, sunny disposition, and above all his propensity to all sorts of childhood pranks argued forcibly for the vigorous life of his child's heart.

No one knew what Joe's second name was: perhaps it was Sunshine; everybody called him "Sunny Joe," and though many a time the butchers and bakers and candlestick makers were somewhat nettled at the tricks he played on them, they would invariably turn back to their places of business with a smile. No one could be angry with "Sunny" for more than a minute at a time. As one of those rockets—which we see when witnessing a display of fireworks—mounts into the air, explodes with a loud noise, and then slowly unfolds its variegated beauty as it falls lazily to the earth, so these victims of the inscrutable "Sunny" would rush to the street with a murderous fire in their eyes and angry words trembling on their lips; but when they would see the author of the incipient conflagration in their hearts the fire would die out of their eyes and the angry words would slowly metamorphose at birth into the inevitable "still a kid."

Still a kid he was to be sure, with this difference, however, that the irresponsible recklessness which characterizes the pranks of childhood days was not a quality of those which Joe engineered. Never did he trouble the old people, nor the poor, nor those to whom he would cause genuine inconvenience. And he always made up for the little trouble he had sponsored by subsequent generosity. No victim was ever forgotten; Joe had them tabulated so that all shared in his patronage. Furthermore, it was tacitly agreed that "all is fair in war."

What a sight it was to see the gay gambol of the kid on his journey home! Once out of the college buildings he would go leaping and bounding and running; biting the ears of his companions in his flight, snatching the little children he happened to meet and tossing them into

the air, tapping on windows and making funny faces at the inmates of the different stores and finally sprinting off like the wind to escape the venging anger of the victim he had singled out for that particular day.

On one of these days when he had not as yet decided on his victim he was met by a solid phalanx of boys. They stood bravely in front of him vowing he would not pass until he promised to regale them with his famous punishment of "crowlights." "Come on, Sunny," they pleaded, "just a few; come on, I bet you can't give them any more." Now if there was anything that stirred Sunny to action it was the expression of a doubt as to his ability to administer these terrible "crowlights." He had become famous because of them. Dropping the books that nestled under his arm—Joe was studious—he seized the boy nearest him and making sure that the prisoner could not escape, he raised his right arm, propelled his hand unerringly to the boy's quivering thigh and caught it, squeezing the flesh and skin between his strong fingers. The boy meanwhile was screaming, perhaps with a little fear but mostly with glee and all the time the other boys danced and yelled, everyone: "Me next, Sunny; me next."

When all the noise had started a little boy had run out of a near-by store and had advanced to witness the show. He evinced a lively interest and was soon dancing and screaming with the others, whereupon someone grabbed him and brought him to Joe who proceeded to give him his "crowlight." Who the boy was no one knew, but that didn't make the least difference. Just as the newcomer was voicing his approval a young lady was seen quickly approaching. The boys saw her and signaling their "jigger" to Joe, retreated to a safe distance and halted to watch proceedings. At the word "jigger," Joe looked up from his crouching position to behold the prettiest sight he had seen for a long time. There directly in front of him stood Catherine, the sister of Jimmy Elwood—for that was the name of the new boy—her whole attitude breathing irate disapproval of the proceedings so agreeable to the boys. Catherine's eyes were sparkling with wrath, her face was quite flaming, not with rouge and paint, but with thoroughly excited anger and her lips trembled with the hot words she was aching to pour upon Sunny.

"You big coward," she flashed, "what are you doing? You just leave Jimmy alone; Jimmy, come on home," and she grabbed Jimmy's arm.

"Aw sis," said Jimmy, "he wasn't hurting us; ask the other kids."
"Wasn't hurting you? Well, he's a big ruffian anyway to pound little boys that way."

Joe's addled brain was beginning to clear now. His quick eye had noticed the very faintest pink spot on Catherine's nose and tracing it to its source he had seen an ice cream cone in her hand. The sheepish grin left his face and he sidled close enough to take it.

"Gee, I'm hot," he said; "that crowlighting is hot work in weather like this; thanks for the cone; do you want another one?"

Jimmy screamed with delight, so did the other boys, while Catherine stood dumbfounded. Such consummate nerve she had never seen or heard tell of.

"Why of all the—" she began, and then, struck with the very comedy of it all she burst into a laugh, a clear, silvery laugh, and Joe laughed along.

"Such a kid," she at last ejaculated, thereby unconsciously entering the host of Joe's admirers.

Jimmy was by this time beside himself with joy. He danced up and down and all around the two. "Sis, don't you know now who this is? It is the swell pitcher we saw win the game the other day for Gonzaga. You're Sunny, aren't you?" he asked, turning to Joe.

"You bet," answered our hero—for such he is—"that was some game, wasn't it? But I didn't win it; the fellows played and hit like demons."

"Oh, but you pitched like a dem—like a man," broke in Catherine; and her little break was so apparent that both she and Joe laughed outright.

"Like a man? I am a man," he answered; "sure I am," he repeated as she looked incredulous; "I was twenty-one last month. How old—say I never saw you with the girls, you are a new-comer; won't you come on up and see my mother? I live only two blocks up this street; she will help your mother put on a party and get you acquainted; do you live around here close?"

Catherine was thinking; "just five blocks the other way," she said in answer to his last question, then hesitatingly: "What time is the morning Mass in the Catholic Church I saw on my way up here?"

"There are two," answered Joe, "one at seven and the other at eight; I'm always at the seven; been going with mother every morning

I could ever since I made my first Communion; sometimes when the altar boys oversleep I serve Father Callahan."

"Thank you," breathed Catherine; "I wanted to go myself tomorrow so I'll meet your mother tomorrow." She was smiling now, her little lingering distrust had vanished. "I understand now," she continued, "why they can call you 'Sunny,' and I want to apologize for calling you a coward and a ruffian; you are neither, you are just a kid."

"Much obliged," responded Joe; "that's what Father Callahan says and he is always right." Joe was blushing now. Catherine's smile as she said the last words had disconcerted him.

"Heck! I wonder what she thinks of me for asking her to come up and meet mother when I didn't even know her name; but gee! she sure put me off fine; I wonder what is her name? So they were at the last game? Who are they anyway?" Thus did Joe meditate as he wended his way from the two. When he had gone some little distance he couldn't control the impulse to look around. He saw them climb into a little roadster and speed off.

"Wow!" he ejaculated, "I'll bet that's part of the family of the new banker that just moved here from Chicago the other day."

He was correct in his surmise as events showed later on. Elwood, the banker, had been called from Chicago to straighten out the messed up affairs of the South City National Bank.

Joe and his mother met Catherine and hers, as per agreement, at Mass next morning; a "get together and get acquainted" party was arranged and it turned out very successfully. Catherine met all the young crowd and was delighted with all of them and in turn was liked by all. Many envied Joe his head-start and took it out on him by overwhelming him with "razz."

"My, how the mighty is fallen," they bantered; "thou, hitherto invulnerable hero, hast finally succumbed to the charms of the incomparable Kitty."

"Blah!" retorted Joe. "Don't be so dumb." But there seemed to be something to the opinion so generally held. Joe was often seen with Catherine, especially after the ball games in which he generally pitched with very creditable success. He accompanied her to many of the affairs given by the crowd, in fact Catherine's date book seemed always to have an open space when Joe asked her to go anywhere. The old, old story began to tell itself when something happened.

One day when Joe had pitched a remarkably fine game and Gonzaga had stowed away the game, Catherine began as usual to walk across the field waving at Joe as she came. Joe seemed not to notice her on this particular day except to give her a little pleasant nod of the head. Then he turned directly to Alice Monroe and seemed to be listening attentively to something she was telling him. Joe then did something very unusual to say the least. Still clad in his dusty, dirty ball suit, he grabbed Alice by the arm, hurried her up through the stadium, jumped with her into a waiting car and sped off; all the while Catherine stood as if glued to the particular spot of ground on which she was stationed. She flushed crimson, turned rather hesitatingly toward the rest of the crowd, then as if suddenly changing her mind, walked away. She had decided that she wanted to go directly home on this funny day. What was wrong with Joe? Catherine didn't know, neither did the crowd; did Joe know himself?

Apparently he didn't think there was anything wrong, for the next morning after Mass he started as usual toward Catherine and her mother. But the old smile was not on Catherine's face. She simply nodded a freezing nod to Joe, then while he spoke a few words to her mother she passed on, entered the pretty little roadster and waited for mother. Joe blushed, stammered while he talked to Mrs. Elwood—who all the while smiled knowingly—then he made a somewhat muddled excuse about his mother being a little sick, and hurried off without looking back.

Now it was Joe's time to wonder what was the matter with Catherine and he did wonder sadly, accusing himself of all kinds of things, none of which was the cause of the little huff. Of the real cause Joe never thought. "What have I done?" puzzled Joe. "Let's see, I haven't given any more crowlights since she saw me that night." Thus and thus he quizzed himself all the way home on that dreadful morning. He was hurt, hurt dreadfully; but "Oh heck!" he finally grunted, "if she's sore let her get over it; I can't think of anything I have done; she'll be all right." Then he hurried home to his mother.

Catherine cooled down somewhat and when the time had come for the next game she had decided she would forgive Joe and act as if nothing had happened. But when the teams came on the field Joe wasn't there. He had refused to play and had hurried home, so Catherine was told. Oh blah! that game wasn't interesting at all and when

it was over Catherine went home disappointed, still more angry than before. If Joe had been there the game would have been worth seeing.

However, the big dance was coming off that night. Joe was to take her and perhaps—perhaps he would explain then. This hope, too, was to be dashed to nothing, for she had just arrived home when her mother told her that a message had come from Joe stating that he couldn't accompany her that evening.

Then truly did Catherine's anger burst forth. All kinds of thoughts rushed in on her; she even wept in her wrath.

"Why, what's the matter, darling?" asked her mother; "I've noticed that there's something wrong with you and Joe."

"Oh nothing; if he doesn't want to take me to the dance he can stay home or take someone else, I don't care."

"Yes you do care, I can see that; but he will not take anyone else, dear. Listen, I think you have made Joe feel bad; you'd better call him up and tell him it's all right again."

"Call him up? Why doesn't he call me up?"

"You just call him up, honey, and then come and see me; I want to tell you a story."

"I will not call him up, mother; I don't think I should; what do I care about Joe Downing? I just don't want to call him up."

But she did call Joe anyway and came crying to her mother's room.

"Mother," she sobbed, "I didn't know Mrs. Downing was so sick. She had a heart attack and Joe has been with her most all the time since that last game I saw him pitch, and here I thought— Oh mother! I have been so foolish."

"There, dear," soothed her mother; "you really do care for Joe, then? I thought so."

"Yes, mother I—I think I love him."

"I knew that, too," mother said, "and that's why I didn't tell you Joe's mother was sick; he mentioned it in the note he sent today, dear; I wanted you to trust him though you didn't know all."

"But mother, why didn't he tell me before?"

"Do you think he loves you, darling?"

"Sure, I know he does, mother."

"Well, then, I think he wanted to try you to see if you loved him. He's a fine young man, Catherine; I know he's worth trusting."

"Oh, I know that, mother; I never cared for anyone as much as I do for Joe, and I never expect to care for anyone like this again."

"Then, dear, the thing to do is to write a nice little note asking him to come over some time when he can spare a few moments from his mother, and then explain everything. I have learned the foolishness of jealousy and suspicion, Catherine, by sad experience. Let me tell you the story I promised."

Mrs. Elwood then told Catherine how in the early days of her married life she had once undergone a veritable hell of misery when she had for months allowed some unfounded suspicions to eat away at her love for her husband.

"Catherine, dear," she said, "that's why I have always tried to teach you to hate the little vices of suspicion and jealousy. Catherine, darling, I have tried, haven't I?" There were tears in mother's eyes now as she pressed Catherine close to her.

"Oh, yes, you sweet mother," said Catherine. "And mother, you have succeeded, if not before, at least now. Mother, mother, don't cry; you didn't do any wrong, and even if you did, I am sure you have more than made up by your love for father ever since. You sweet mother, thank you for your story; I'll never forget it, and now I'm going to write Joe immediately and send a big bouquet for his mother. Dear Sunny, how I have wronged you," and then Catherine kissed her mother fervently and went away singing.

NOT TOO MUCH

It ought to be mentioned among the benefits of Lent, perhaps, that it makes many a one think seriously of his health. The mere mention of fasting reminds them of their physical weaknesses.

The late dance, the late parties, the late shows, with all the tiredness they bring on, are not nearly so effective reminders of our feebleness and of our tottering to the grave, as Lent is.

If we loved pleasure less, perhaps it, too, would remind us of its wear upon the body. If we had greater love for Our Lord, suffering for us in His bitter Passion, perhaps Lent would hold less terrors. And instead of having to be urged to do more, we would have to be warned not to undertake too much.

To fear God is to fear sin.

The Student Abroad

GESU RE!

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

In the drama, it is usually considered good art to introduce a humorous situation as a fitting background for the tense thrills of the climax. Looking about in the mass of data that has accumulated during the last fleeting weeks of a momentous year, "looking for a beginning," it remained for a recent number of the European edition of the "World's Greatest Newspaper" to solve the difficulty. In a fourteen-line squib covering the final services in Rome on New Year's Eve, we have the following lucid, not to say interesting write-up:

"Vatican Ceremony. Rome, Jan. 1. The Pope, at the head of a cortege of cardinals, prelates and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, today went to the Church of St. Peter to perform the solemn ceremony of 'sedia gestatoria.' He celebrated a high Mass for the Christ King, after which a Te Deum was sung. The ceremony was ended with a benediction by the Pope, after which he retired to his apartments. A large crowd acclaimed the Pontiff and his party, both on their entering and leaving the church."

Now while father or mother details the Academy daughter or the High School son—or big brother Bill who has just entered the Knights of Columbus—to find out just what is the "solemn ceremony of Sedia Gestatoria," the rest can put "Adeste Fideles" on the phonograph, and view at least a part of the colorful closing events of the Holy Year, through the eyes, and with the viewpoint of a student.

During the autumn months, there had been somewhat of a lull in the pilgrimages, though at all times Rome was filled with visitors. But as the close drew near, the immense throngs that characterized the days of the canonizations were again in evidence. At this time, for example, took place the largest and perhaps the most impressive pilgrimage procession of the entire year. Coming from St. John Lateran's Basilica along the via Merulana to St. Mary Major, the closely packed multitude in more or less serried ranks filled the large thoroughfare from house to house, covering sidewalks, street and all. And the huge, dark mass of humanity extended, solid, at least for three long blocks, perhaps more. As the procession drew near, one could distinguish the wide

variety of elements of life that composed it. A bishop in bright colored robes walked in the guard of honor around the plain, wooden processional cross; boy scouts in uniform, including the little chaps in the "Tenderfoot" class with their little green caps; laymen of every station in life, priests and religious of various orders, sisters of different orders and congregations, some of them leading bands of school girls in the uniforms of their schools; soldiers, including "rookies" in the type of uniforms handed out the world over from general supply stations and depending for their fitness on the accuracy of a Supply Sergeant's eye; and officers in the natty uniform of their station; it was altogether an inspiring spectacle. And more, for once, over-important motormen, who often in days past had succeeded in evading the traffic officers and breaking through such processions, were forced to remain at a dead halt, till the last rank had passed. For a solid wall of humanity, between thirty and fifty persons thick, confronted them. Out of the crowd rose a medley of hymns and litanies, for one section, or better, one region could not hear what the others were doing or saying. Yet so great was the concourse that there was no jar, for a group singing would have passed the spectator before the more muffled tones of a group engaged in praying reached him.

And so it was to the end. I believe it was a pilgrimage from Germany that had the honor of hearing the last Holy Year address given by the Holy Father. With that address, it is said, His Holiness gave more than one thousand addresses this year. Not a bad year's work; yet it was only a minor detail in the year's program.

Those who reserved their trip to the end were favored by unusual coincidences that brought several striking events together. There was, for instance, the sixteenth centennial of the Council of Nice, with its interesting ceremonies in which representative clergy from various Rites in the church took part. Since these have no doubt been described thoroughly in the dailies and weekly papers in America—if they were not, it was not for lack of journalistic representation—I shall tell only of a unique little celebration that marked the close. On one of the quieter days after the closing of the Holy Door, a select audience made up solely of ecclesiastics and laymen bearing special tickets, assembled in the Hall of Benediction or Beatification, situated immediately above the Atrium of St. Peter's. All the Cardinals then present in Rome were grouped about the Papal Throne which was located at the farther

end. Bishops, Prelates, Nobles and diplomats made up the balance of the audience in that part of the large hall. From the rear line of the prelates, however, a thickly massed assemblage of priests and religious, together with all the students of the various colleges of Rome, extended to the very entrance. Those who feature the term "melting-pot" when thinking or speaking of economic conditions, should be present at such a function to see what the term really can signify. Representatives of every nation, and be it said also, of nearly every race, including the coal-black Ethiopian, the dark brown son of India, the more stolid Slav, and the pale-faces of the north, mingled in the fellowship of a union founded on principles higher and more potent than artificial, man-made treaties.

Surrounded by a special detail of the famous Noble Guard, and preceded by the prelates of his suite, the Holy Father entered the hall to the accompaniment of a beautiful poliphonic hymn sung by the combined choirs of the Major Roman Seminary and of the College of the Propaganda Fide. Never was a hero tendered a more jubilant, soul-stirring welcome. Up through the long, narrow aisle, flanked on either side by Palatine Guards and Swiss Guards, the cortege proceeded, the Pope graciously giving his blessing as he passed. When he reached the throne, the program began.

On the left side of the hall, about midway down its length, a sort of stage had been erected, and near it a pulpit. On the directly opposite side, near the window from which the silver trumpet chorus played when the Pope made his solemn entries into St. Peter's, there was another stage, similar to the first. It was interesting to hear the surmises of visitors, especially American visitors, on the probable reasons for the existence of two stages and a lecture platform. They soon found out. The learned Abbot Schuster, Superior of the Abbey at St. Paul's Outside the Walls, opened the program with a scholarly address in Italian on the significance of the occasion. By this time, however, programs had reached everyone, and when the unusual array of items was seen, the beautiful and masterly address of the learned speaker lost much of its interest. As he bowed to the Holy Father at the end of his address, a choir of students from the Armenian College, took its place on the stage to the left, and hardly had the last echoes of the Reverend Abbot's clear voice ceased ringing through the vaulted ceiling of the vast hall, when they were replaced by the strains of an Armenian hymn

sung in Armenian. This was followed by a recitation in Russian, given by a Russian student from the Pontifical Greek College of St. Athanasius. At its conclusion, another choir, this time composed of Maronite students studying in Rome, took its place on one of the stages, and chanted a section from their liturgy in Syriac. While it was in progress, a choir of Roumanian students were taking their places on the opposite stage, and the Syriac was followed immediately by their strikingly beautiful chant of the Hymn of the Cherubim, taken from the Offertory of the Byzantine liturgy. A recitation in Syriac followed, during which a small choir of about seven colored students from the Ethiopian college, clad in their striking uniform of black and white, took their places on the opposite stage. So the Syriac was followed by the Invocation to the Holy Apostles from the Ethiopian liturgy, chanted in Ethiopian style. Following in order came then a recitation in Chaldaic and then a Paleoslavavic chant, then the number from which Americans at least would have received a gold medal. A Malabar student from the College of the Propaganda Fide, was slated to give a recitation in Malabar. He took his place on the speaker's platform, a short, chubby, good-natured little lad, not at all discomposed by the illustrious audience he was facing, and tossed the rhetorical bomb that aroused the hall. The Cardinal, who is head of the Propaganda and who understands Malabar customs well, could be seen chuckling quietly at the surprise his princely companions were to receive. The program called for a recitation; but Malabar ideas of recitation differ widely from those commonly held in Europe. In a tone that sounded like the humming of a jews-harp punctuated by the twanging of a banjo and that rose and fell in regular cadence like the trophes of a chant, the speaker narrated the relation the Council of Nice had to the Church in Malabar. After the first few moments, visitors could be seen searching their programs thinking that wires had been crossed somewhere; some of the illustrious laymen looked worried thinking apparently that there had been a hitch in the program. At the end of the first paragraph, which sounded like the first verse of a new operatic "hit," the Cardinals could be seen looking politely to their neighbors for enlightenment. But before much explanation, if any, could be given, the "speaker" was off again, this time with more gusto and increased courage so that it seemed like two banjos were playing. Malabar may be a difficult language, but after that recitation, none could reasonably say that it is not musical. Unusually

enthusiastic and certainly well-merited applause greeted the young cleric at the close, but of course that meant nothing in comparison with the special blessing the Holy Father gave him from his throne.

Following this came a Greek liturgical chant; a weird music, in which one of the voices takes a low tone and holds the note unchanged throughout the entire selection. With that the program ended and the Pope himself gave an address, an eloquent speech which held everyone spellbound to the last word. As an orator, the Holy Father is a master.

With this celebration, the Centennial ceremonies came to an end. However, while they had been at their height, the now well-known ceremony of the solemn closing of the Jubilee Year drew all the pilgrims then in Rome to St. Peter's. Although the number of people present was about as large as on any previous occasion this year, considerable improvement had been made in the handling of the crowds and much of the inconvenience experienced at other times was avoided. Somehow, the ceremony did not seem so jubilant and so bright as one would have expected; after all it marked a closing, the end of a year that had been eventful, truly holy, and happy. It has been said that even the Holy Father himself has stated he will feel somewhat lonesome after this year. Still all the elements tending to make a Vatican ceremony noteworthy were present. In the Atrium, the Papal throne erected beside the Holy Door, opposite it, the tribunals erected to accommodate the visiting royalty, nobles, diplomats and other notable guests for the occasion—the draped benches for the Knights of Malta and of the Holy Sepulchre—bespoke an event of extraordinary importance. At an early hour, all available places in the Atrium were taken, only the seats awaiting the Cardinals and other prelates remaining empty. This time the silver trumpets were missing as the Papal procession entered from the Vatican palace. At the threshold of the Holy Door, the Pope descended from the Sedia Gestatoria and entered on foot. Within the Basilica, the Pope ascended the Sedia Gestatoria again and was borne in procession to the Confessional in the front of the Basilica. It was when the procession proper had formed again that the unforgettable silver trumpets took up their strains in the superb papal march. Then the crowded thousands in the Basilica received their treat. Deprived, by sheer lack of room, from witnessing the ceremony of the closing of the Holy Door itself, in company with their Spiritual Father, they venerated the relics of the Lance that pierced our Lord's side,

the relics of the Holy Cross, and the Veil of Veronica, which were displayed from a balcony near the main altar of St. Peter's.

When the Pope had returned to the Atrium again, the last ceremonies of the Jubilee began. All the materials necessary for the placing of the brick had been prepared during the interval of waiting. While the choir and the Holy Father alternately chanted the beautiful prayers of the ceremony, the Pope placed the three bricks bearing his coat of arms along the threshold, using a gold trowel made especially for the occasion. Other Cardinals followed him in placing bricks, then the door was temporarily closed, till the workmen could complete the operation. It is interesting to know, that many of the bricks that will go into that door are beautiful specimens of carved Carrara marble. Religious orders, prominent societies such as the Knights of Columbus, prominent nobles, in fact all those who wished to do so, could provide a brick bearing some inscription or insignia. Later on, after a few more years, in 1950 to be precise, when the next Jubilee is declared and the Holy Door is opened again, they, or their survivors, will claim these bricks as priceless remembrances.

Following the spirit of the Jubilee Year, the Holy Father then gave his blessing to all those who were present at the ceremony, in forma Jubilaei, so that his final Jubilee act was one of supreme spiritual generosity. That was a happy Christmas Eve.

But the interest was not allowed to die down. For immediately afterward, preparations were begun for the ceremonies of New Year's Eve, when the Pope was to declare the new feast of Jesus, King of the Human Race.

For this climax in a year seemingly filled with climaxes, the weather could hardly have been better. Consequently, in addition to the visitors already in Rome since before Christmas, others came in goodly numbers for this occasion.

Fully an hour before the Mass began, the Basilica was filled comfortably; but when the moment drew near for the solemn entrance of the Pope, every available bit of space had been occupied. Again, from the balcony over the entrance came the silver-toned march; again, surrounded by his Noble Guard in full festal uniform, and in full force today, and preceded by a long line of ecclesiastics followed by all the Cardinals then in the city, escorted by the Swiss Guards in full uniform of half mail, the Holy Father was borne slowly through the immense edifice.

In the apse, two thrones had been set in readiness; one, just beneath the Chair of St. Peter, the other, a plain white throne closer to the main altar on which he was to offer the Holy Sacrifice. On either side of the apse were the special tribunals for royalty, nobles and diplomatic corps; all being in full dress for the occasion. For sheer beauty and impressiveness, the scene would be hard to surpass.

Two moments in the Mass stand out with special significance. The first came at the Epistle and Gospel. At that part of the Mass, the Pope had gone to the great throne far to the rear, and the usual Latin Epistle had been sung in the usual fashion just as in the solemn high Masses we see at home, when the Master of Ceremonies led a venerable, long-bearded Oriental cleric back to the Papal throne to receive the Pope's blessing, then back again to the usual position near the altar, from which place he proceeded to chant the Epistle in Greek. So far there had been two magnificent choirs singing; one composed of select singers from the Colleges of Rome for the responses, etc., and the other of the best singers in the Roman choirs, such as toured the United States some years ago, for the Mass itself. But for the Greek responses, a third choir, probably made up of Greek students, was used. The same thing happened a few minutes later at the Gospel.

As the young Greek cleric, clad in the plain, white robes of a Greek deacon, sang the message of the New Testament, as it was originally written, with the Vicar of Christ looking on from his throne beneath the chair of Peter, emblem of unity and of authority, one could not but look up with new understanding to the great gold lettering that circles the apse, far above the sanctuary. In Greek and in Latin, is written the command of Christ to St. Peter, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." However, the thoughtful listener could not help but reflect, the unity symbolized in the beautiful ceremony just taking place, is not complete. "Some there are that are not of My fold." And now, more than ever, perhaps, during the Jubilee Year, one realizes just what a season of grace and divine bounty it is. For already the seeds of peace have been sown; already in Belgium under the auspices of his Eminence Cardinal Mercier, a community of Benedictine monks are assembled to give their entire time and attention to the problem or problems attending a reunion of the Greek Orthodox church and others with the Latin, already many of the separated Orientals have read in the crowded events of the past few years, the message of a merciful

God, and purified by suffering heroically borne, have recognized in the proud spirit that led them away, centuries ago, an ecclesiastical philanthropist of the type of Luther, ex-monk, and of Henry VIII, ex-defender of the Faith.

With the smoothness of perfect training, the ministers of the Mass proceed and soon the Pope has come to the greatest moment of all, the Consecration. It is a new Mass he has been reading, composed for the new feast, Jesus, King. And now the moment has come for the King Himself, to be invited, no, commanded to take His place on the altar-throne. A sharp command rings through the nave of the Basilica, and the long lines of Palatine guards, drop to one knee. A subdued command is given near the altar, and the magnificent noble guard, surrounding the main altar, drop their swords in salute, then sink to one knee, while their gauntleted left hands are raised to their visors; a triple salute. Far up in the cupola, the trumpet chorus have taken their places facing the wall, and scattered a trifle. Silence that is thrilling, sweeps over the sixty thousand people present as the Pope bends over the Host. And then, as though the heavenly gates had opened for a moment, the soft, indescribably beautiful music of the trumpets, creeps around the walls of the cupola, far above, mingles, tone with tone, and falls, a shower of silvery melody, as the Host—Jesus, King, Himself—is raised slowly in the air in the fingers of His Vicar. It seemed as though the angels again were singing the appeal of Bethlehem, *Venite Adoremus*. And sixty thousand respond with bowed heads, and a breathed acknowledgment, "My Lord and My God," and mayhap, some recalling the meaning of the moment, may have added spontaneously, "My King."

Slowly the Host was raised in the air, slowly moved from left to right so that all the multitude might see and adore. And a few minutes later, the golden chalice containing the Precious Blood was raised aloft, while still the ethereal music kept up its heavenly accompaniment. The King had been brought from heaven to earth and slain anew, sacrificed for His people, according to His wish, for He is the King of Love Divine, and sacrifice is according to His own standard, the test of love.

It may have been an accident on the part of some hurrying attendant, but at any rate it was opportune, for suddenly, a curtain over one of the windows high up in the transept, swept aside for a moment,

and a golden shaft of sunshine shot down through the semi-gloom of the basilica and illumined the entire altar, the King's throne, in superb splendor. That was as it should be. Only light from the heavens could give the correct illumination for the occasion.

At the end of the Mass came the next never-to-be-forgotten moment. The Holy Father, kneeling before the altar, read in Italian, slowly, clearly, so that all could follow, and with measured significance, the Act of Consecration of the human race to the King of Kings. Little leaflets bearing the prayer had been scattered among the people, and everyone whispered the prayer, one of the most beautiful prayers ever written, word for word with the Pope.

The prayer is similar, in fact with the exception of a few words, identical with the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart used generally throughout the world during the past few years. But the few changes deserve special attention. One petition in particular in behalf of "the children of that people which at one time was the chosen people," cannot but arouse the piety of the faithful and their interest in behalf of the Jews.

Once more the Papal blessing, once more the peal of the trumpets, once more the triumphant procession through the vast basilica, amid the cheers and the greetings of the assemblage, and the old year, with its great happinesses, its marvelous consolations, its innumerable graces for individuals and for nations, and its great promise for a future harvest of good, passed into history, and the New Year was begun.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

A tender child of summers three,

Seeking her little bed at night,

Paused on the dark stairs timidly.

"O Mother! take my hand," said she,

"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way

From dark behind to dark before;

And only when our hands we lay,

Dear Lord in Thine, the night is day,

And there is darkness nevermore.—*Whittier.*

The Maid of Orleans

XIV. SWORD AND BUCKLER

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

The long examinations having been concluded to the satisfaction of the Dauphin, he returned to Chinon, taking Joan with him. The next step was to procure for her all the accoutrement of a knight setting out on a long campaign. Joan heard him speak of a sword for her.

"Gentle Prince," she said to him, "never mind my sword; the King of heaven has provided one for me."

"How is that, Joan?" inquired the Dauphin.

"My Voices have informed me that God has destined a sword for me. It has been lying this long time under the care of my blessed and well-beloved counselor, St. Catherine, in the chapel dedicated to her at Fierbois. Send someone to look for it, Sire. They will recognize it by five crosses engraved on the handle."

"Have you seen it already?" asked the Prince surprised.

"No," replied the Maid, "but my Voices have described it to me so minutely that I know it better than if I had seen it. It will be found not far from the altar."

They followed her instructions. No one at Fierbois knew anything of the sword; no one had seen it. But search was made at once and from an excavation of the wall near the altar they dug out an old box full of rusty swords. Examining them they soon found one with five crosses engraved on its handle. The rust fell away from this one at the touch. A scabbard was made for it at once and it was sent to Joan. She received it with joy.

This sword she carried with her during all her campaigns, but never, even in self-defense, did she use it to do hurt to any man. It was used simply to lead on the troops and point them forward.

Next a complete armor was made for her—for she was given the rank of count, and must needs be accoutred like a knight. Knights of those days, when going to battle, were clad in steel from head to toe. Such an armor weighed about sixty pounds. To one not used to wearing it, it must have been real torture. But Joan shirked no pain or hardship in the fulfilment of her mission. She was resolved to get used to it.

Finally she had a standard made for herself according to instructions received from her Voices.

It was of fine but strong white cloth, rectangular in shape, with one side cut out to form two points. It was fastened to a lance.

On one side was pictured Our Lord, with His right hand extended as in blessing, and in His left, holding the globe surmounted by a cross. At His side were two angels, kneeling and offering the lilies of France. Farther out were the words: "Jesus, Mary."

On the other side the standard bore the arms of France, carried by angels, and beneath, the picture of the Annunciation, with the words: "Ave Maria." The white field on both sides was spangled with golden fleur-de-lis and the borders were fringed with gold.

When the standard was finished, her Voices appeared again to Joan and said:

"Since you have obeyed and have had the King of Heaven pictured on your banner, take it without fear and bear it bravely."

She was ready.

"Put me to work," she said fervently to Charles VII, and I will restore to you your whole kingdom."

At Blois the provisions for the besieged city of Orleans had been gathered and an army had been assembled. Joan went to join them and lead them on. Her two brothers, Peter and John, joined her here.

XV. AT BLOIS.

When Joan reached Blois in the capacity of a general of the French army, her troubles began. Opposition met her at every step henceforth.

"Look!" cried the officers, "a valiant champion indeed and a fine captain she to reconquer the Kingdom of France." The soldiers threatened to mutiny until La Hire, the bravest of the captains, stepped forward and declared:

"I swear to follow you, Joan, I and my whole company, wherever you lead us."

This declaration brought the mutiny to an end, but the opposition to her on the part of the generals remained and hindered many of her projects, as we shall see.

One reason of this opposition, no doubt, was jealousy. Experienced military leaders as they were, they saw her, an eighteen-year-old girl, placed on equality with them.

Another cause was the contempt of the aristocrat for the plebeian. Most of the commanders belonged to the oldest families of France; blue blood flowed in their veins. She was a peasant girl. This pride was so deep that they could see no good whatsoever in her, they felt no pity for her, they were stirred by no spark of chivalry even when the English hurled the most contemptible insults at her.

Joan's own manner probably also was another reason. She put on no airs, but spoke plainly and directly to all. In her manners she was always a child of the soil.

At once, too, Joan set about reforming the army. As Michelet says: "The long wars had changed these men practically into brutes; they had to be made men again, Christians and docile subjects. A great and difficult change!"

Yet this is what the eighteen-year-old girl attempted and, as by a miracle, accomplished. Women followers were sent home; drunkenness, gambling, cursing and swearing forbidden. Mass was said regularly; hymns were sung on the march; confessors were brought in and everyone obliged to avail himself of the opportunity.

"No one will be allowed to join us," declared Joan, "unless he first clears his conscience by a good confession."

Here again the brave but turbulent La Hire set the example and everyone followed.

Once more she had a letter sent to the English bidding them surrender to avoid bloodshed. This duty done, she made the final preparations to set out on her campaign.

It was on April 28, 1429, that the army with the convoy of provisions for the besieged city of Orleans began to move.

(To be Continued.)

Forget yourself and all your troubles will disperse. People fancy that the love of God is a martyrdom, but on the contrary, all our troubles spring only from self-love. It is self-love which doubts, hesitates, resists, suffers, reckons up its sufferings, is uncertain, and hinders the real peace which they enjoy who are set free from self.—*Fenelon*.

All esteem virtue, though there are but few who earnestly seek to acquire it.

Great possessions never render a man contented and happy.

Home Control

A SERMON BY A CHRISTIAN MOTHER

T. A. MURPHY, C.Ss.R.

One of the wise homely sayings of President Coolidge is to the effect that more parental authority is needed in the United States: "What the youth of the country need is not more public control through the Government, but more home control through parental action." The truth of the remarks is almost self-evident, but the question arises: How is home control to be exercised?

In a speech delivered at Birmingham, England, toward the close of last year, some laws of home control were indicated which, if followed, would certainly make a home a real home and would bring a large mead of happiness to any family no matter what the circumstances in which they lived. The speech received a wide circulation in England through the pages of the *London Universe*. It deserves at least as wide a circulation on the American side of the Atlantic.

A distinguished English Catholic, Lady Winefride Elwes, was the speaker. She herself has a large family, being the mother of six sons and two daughters. She is the daughter of the eighth Earl of Denbigh. She was married in 1889 to Mr. Gervase Elwes, Knight of Malta and Chamberlain of Honor to Pope Benedict XV. Mr. Elwes, it will be remembered, lost his life while on a concert tour in America, having been struck by a train at Boston.

The following digest of Lady Winefride's speech is nearly all given as it appeared in the *Universe*. She began, as will be seen, by giving some advice on the subject of harmony between husband and wife. Then followed some excellent counsels for securing the real welfare of children.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

It was a great honor to be allowed to have a child, said Lady Winefride, a precious soul to mould and train, to be on earth a fine, useful citizen, a devoted, faithful Catholic, and ultimately win eternal happiness. She always felt that the finest and greatest thing that she could give her children was love for the Catholic Church.

Why did people make the mistake of thinking that marriage was merely a natural inclination for one of the other sex? It was the most

important thing in their lives; therefore God must be brought into it to supernaturalize it. If people would pray earnestly before taking this important step, there would not be so many unhappy marriages.

Newly-married couples should say their night-prayers together. If there has been any quarrel during the day the one at fault should say at the time of night prayers, "I am sorry." A judge in the Divorce Court had said that most divorces would not take place if people had only learned to say to each other: "I'm sorry." Catholics who had the precious privilege of Confession ought not to be remiss in that respect. As the children grew up they, too, should join in the prayers of their parents. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

CHILDREN IN INFANCY.

Sanctify the sufferings and fatigues of childbearing and offer them up for the soul of the child, was Lady Winefride's advice. The woman should struggle to Mass and Holy Communion, even if she felt ill, and offer up the graces she obtains in doing so for the sanctification of her unborn child. When the child is born she should put it under the protection of the Mother of God and, at her daily prayers, ask Our Lady to supply for her shortcomings.

A Catholic mother should teach her child to love its Guardian Angel, to apply to it when in difficulties, and if the mother found the child difficult she should pray to its Guardian Angel to help her in its training.

WISE COUNSELS: FAVORITISM AND SYMPATHY.

A mother should never show favoritism to any one child. Such favoritism gives the others a sense of unfairness and spoils the happiness of their childhood. It might not always be easy to avoid favoritism, but a mother would suffer remorse later if she indulged in favoritism.

A mother should never let herself become impatient. Once she has failed in this way, she would begin to slip down a dangerous incline, and one very difficult to climb up again. It might seem an easier and quicker way to get the result sought for if the mother spoke to the child crossly, but she lost her child's respect and her own self-command. A mother should never reprimand a child in anger, and her fault-finding should be constructive, helping it to do better in the future, and not by way of merely frightening the child for having done wrong.

If a mother has many children, she should not always take them

out in companies or even in pairs, but arrange that occasionally each child should have the opportunity of talking alone to its mother and getting her complete understanding and sympathy. A Sunday walk with the children each in its turn might be arranged.

Children should be given good thoughts to go to bed with. From childhood a mother should train her children to sleep with their arms folded on their breasts, and should let them know very early what the Church teaches about impurity and wrongdoing.

Concluding, Lady Elwes said mothers should pray hard for their children and should teach them to love God, and in return God would teach their children to love them, and they would be a blessing to them, and their love would sweeten the evening of their lives.

One might continue the last thought of Lady Elwes and add that the love of such children would not only sweeten the home-life of their parents on earth: it would surely also bring them joy in their Home with God forever.

MOTHER'S PARTNER

A bright little girl it was trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times had she passed our gate that morning, that curiosity prompted us to seek further acquaintance.

"You're a busy little girl today!"

"Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm," she went on, "but it takes a heap of water to do all the washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly, but it's dry now."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, and she's washing."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her so."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water-carrier did not consider it one at all. With a look of surprise in her gray eyes and an almost indignant tone, she answered:

"Why, of course, I help her! I always do; she hasn't anybody else. Mother and me's partners!"

Play Square

I. THE SHEPHERD OF THE GOATS

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

"Dear Lord, in the battle that goes through life,
 I ask but a field that is fair,
 A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
 A courage to strive and to dare;
 And if I should win, let it be by the code,
 With my faith and my honor held high;
 And if I should lose, let me stand by the road
 And cheer as the winners go by."

Berton Braley's well-known lines from the "Prayer of a Sportsman" would be the last words one would expect to hear from the lips of a criminal leaving prison at the expiration of a fifteen-year sentence. Yet these words ringing always in the mind of Tom Brawley every day of the five years since he had first seen them in a newspaper and had committed them to memory were boomed forth solemnly from his lips as he strode the few hundred yards that led from the gateway of New York's most famous upstate prison to the station of the New York Central Railroad.

The prison gate had swung open at dusk to let Tom Brawley go free after fifteen years within the gray walls and iron corridors of Sing Sing. There had been little commutation of sentence for him. Good behaviour until the last few years of his sentence had been an unknown quantity in his life. His prison record had been black and bitter; twice he had been caught outside the walls after a daring attempt to escape. Once he had been half way across the Hudson on his way to liberty, when the well directed bullet of a guard found its mark and put him into the prison hospital for more than a month. Solitary confinement was no novelty to Tom. In fact, the warden suspected that he rather liked the dark cell.

In spite of his record, besmirched by many breaches of prison rules and frequent attacks on guards who showed themselves inclined to be unfair and cruel either to himself or others less favored, courageous to resist, Tom Brawley had always been liked and in a measure respected by his guards. His breaches of discipline had invariably arisen

from resistance to some injustice, real or fancied. He was always on the side of the weakling who was unfairly treated. He never took unfair advantage of another whether that other were guard or convict, and hence even the hardened in crime, the felons who trusted neither man nor God, placed some measure of reliance in this fellow unfortunate.

Nevertheless Tom Brawley, like all offenders against the law, deemed the law unjust and too severe and hence soon became imbued with a hatred of the mighty hand that chained and smote him. So, despite his spirit of fair play toward the weakling and the oppressed, Warden McNeery realized that in Tom were the makings of a first-class anarchist, a dangerous criminal who would be a menace to society. Hence he allowed no breach of prison discipline to go unpunished in Brawley, though to punish men severely went against the better nature of the Warden, who was known the country over for his consideration and kindness in his dealings with the criminal.

All this had been before Mary died. Mary was the wife whom Tom had left with two children, a girl—Mary, too, of course—of two years, and Tom, Jr., a babe in arms. One only favor had Tom begged when the prison gates closed upon him to open no more until he had paid the last jot and tittle of his sentence for the slaying of a landlord who had been too insistent in demanding his just due and had cast into the street the wife and children of shiftless Tom Brawley whom drink had brought to the gutter. The one favor the convicted felon begged was that neither son nor daughter should ever know their father lived; to them he was to be dead forever. This meant not only that he would never see the children but also that he must needs be deprived to a large extent of the visits of his wife. To better secure his wish Tom had enlisted the help of Father Dan Dowling, his old pastor, who promised to look out for mother and children and keep the secret of their father's disgrace from the little ones.

Mary, the pure pious girl, whom wayward Tom Brawley had led from the shelter of a modest but comfortable home to the precarious existence of the wife of a professional athlete gone wrong on the path of drink and song, had been the one ideal in Tom's wastrel life. Divided between love and loyalty to her errant spouse caged in prison walls and love and provision for the children's future, poor heartbroken Mary had yielded to the wish of the repentant sire and had visited him but

once a year at Christmas time, hiding her coming and going from the son and daughter she loved. Only when she came did Tom Brawley show the real man within him. Cut off by his own will from the sight and love of his little ones, nevertheless the convict who loved passionately the woman whose life he had wrecked hung upon her every word of description of the childrens' growth in age and wisdom and piety. To Father Dan Dowling, who had been a real Father to the prison widowed and orphaned, the felon swore unfailing fealty.

Then, five years before his sentence expired, came the news of Mary's death. One privilege granted even the prisoner sentenced for life in Sing Sing is leave to attend the last sad rites of father, mother, wife or child. Tom, however, refused the privilege lest his children learn of the father's disgrace. Finally, however, Father Dowling prevailed on him to go quietly to the house, late at night, and take one last look at the remains of her whom he had idolized, though he had broken her heart. Father Dan had seen to it that the children and all others who had known Tom in the old days had been absent from the room when the felon with a husky guard at his side, stood by the coffin and wept and sobbed unrestrainedly, as he kissed the pale cold features of the corpse of Mary McBride, gone to the grave to which hardship and toil and sorrow had driven her long before her time. Then in the little parish church in the shadow of the great bridge that spanned the East River, Tom had knelt with the guard still by his side while the doleful chant and solemn Mass of Mother Church paid the last sad tribute of respect to her whom he had led from that self-same altar to a home in a better part of town only to drive her back to the tenements and the poor old church when a felon's stigma seared his brow.

Tom had left the prison manacled to his guard by the orders of the warden, but they had scarce boarded the train when the guard said to him:

"Brawley, you have the reputation of being a hard man to manage, one who will take the last desperate chance to escape, but I hate to take a man chained to the funeral of his wife. I'm going to take a chance on you because I believe you're square. If I'm wrong it means my job. Give me your word that you will not try to escape on this trip and we'll travel like companions instead of a cop and his prisoner. How about it?"

"It's up to you," replied Tom sullenly. "If you think my word is

worth anything, you have it." The guard without a word unlocked the handcuffs and Tom had made no attempt to escape. Once at Forty-Second Street the guard preceded Tom into a Subway train. The steel door clanged in Tom's face before he could enter and the train rushed off bearing a frantic guard without his prisoner. At the next station the guard got off and took a train uptown—a cold sweat of apprehension lest his prisoner forget his word and seize this golden opportunity for a clean getaway. He reached Forty-Second Street in a panic only to find Tom awaiting him on the platform.

"I thought you would take the next train back," said Tom quietly. "It wasn't my fault you missed me." The guard said never a word but in his mind was planted a deep admiration for the convict.

As Tom knelt in a back pew during the funeral Mass his eyes strayed frequently from coffin and from altar to a fair-haired girl of twelve and a sturdy black-haired lad of ten—son and daughter of his—his very flesh and blood; yet the brand of a felon barred him, he felt, from all claim upon them even as the brand of leprosy in days of yore barred the unfortunate from the company of relatives and friends.

Back to prison went Tom Brawley, if possible more embittered than ever. The visits of his wife had been one bright ray of sunshine to melt the ice that clasped his heart in chilly grasp and made him unresponsive to all other calls of human sympathy and tender feeling.

Then came a letter from Father Dan, bidding him not to be discouraged. The good priest would be a foster father to the orphans, Tom and Mary, and would see to it that they enjoyed every possible advantage of education and refined surroundings. He told Tom Brawley to live for the future, to endeavor one day to be worthy to clasp his children by the hand and proclaim his parentage. "One slip doesn't lose the game of life, Tom, my son," wrote the good priest. "Remember in your days as pitcher for the Giants you were known as the man who never quit until the last man was out. I intend to use manly sports as an aid to religion in the development of the character of your son. Try to get the sporting spirit. On your release from prison try to play the game clean and square and remember on the Last Day God will not ask whether you won or lost but how you played the game."

Some years before his advent up the river Tom Brawley had been the star twirler for New York's most famous baseball team. Popularity had caused his downfall. A New Yorker by birthright, Gotham

took him to its heart and spoiled him by adulation. A lover of sport at first he played the game from sheer enjoyment and money and fame were negligible considerations to him save in so far as they helped him provide a home for the girl of his heart, winsome Mary McBride. On her in the early years of his heyday Tom had lavished love and affection which continued till the day of her death. But false friends induced him to drink from a counterfeit idea of good fellowship. As his physical condition declined according to the increase of his potations, he soon found himself slipping. Warning threats and pleadings from manager and trainer and real friends were in vain. He slipped out of the major leagues into the "bushers" and finally an alcoholic wreck landed a derelict once more on the streets of the great city. Honest toil soon barred him from its ranks because of his frequent sprees, and finally he became a full fledged member of that section of the underworld dedicated to petty thievery.

From the receipt of the letter of good Father Dan, dated a new era of interest in sport on the part of Tom Brawley, Senior. The sports pages of the newspapers were given him by special privilege. To threaten to deprive him of these was sufficient punishment to insure his good behaviour whenever a new outbreak of the old temper threatened. However, his conduct likewise improved from the day of the receipt of the letter from the priest so that he gave no trouble either to guards or fellow prisoners. Somewhere he came across the lines of the Sportsman's Prayer and committed them to memory, claiming that they were to be the creed of his future life. So vastly did his prison record improve that the Warden suggested that he be allowed to propose his name for parole.

To this offer of the Warden Tom returned a courteous but emphatic refusal. "I ask but a field that is fair—a chance that is equal with all in the strife," said he. "Parole would not give me that chance. You see, Warden, a paroled prisoner still has the unserved portion of his sentence hanging over him. He is by no means a free man. He must report at stated intervals to officials and cannot leave the State. For me it's going to be a fair fight in a new field. I've the courage to strive and to dare, and if I shall win it will be by the code—with my Faith and my honor held high—and if I should lose—but I'm not going to lose—this is a fight to a finish and I'm out to win."

So it happened that we go back to the beginning of this tale and

find Tom Brawley released on the Eve of Thanksgiving from prison—with the State's ten dollars bounty—a ticket to New York in his pocket—hope in his heart and a song on his lips.

(To be Continued)

Meditations on the Litany of Loretto

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI

Holy Mother of God. If the prayers of the saints avail much with God, how much more will the prayers of Mary avail! The former are the prayers of servants, but the latter are the prayers of a mother. St. Antonius says that the prayer of Mary has the force of a command with her Divine Son. And hence he adds that it is impossible for this Mother to ask a favor of the Son that the Son will not grant her. What wonder, then, that St. Bernard exhorts us to ask through Mary for every grace that we wish from God: "Let us seek for grace, and let us seek it through Mary." And he adds the reason: "For she is His Mother, and is always graciously heard."

O great Mother of God, pray to Jesus for me. Look upon the miseries of my soul, and have pity on me. Pray, and never cease to pray for me until thou seest me safe in paradise. O Mary, thou art my hope; do not abandon me. Holy Mother of God, pray for us!

Holy Virgin of Virgins. Eternal praise to the Lord who has given us in Mary a great example of the virtue of virginity. "With justice," declares Blessed Albertus Magnus, "is Mary called the Virgin of Virgins, for she being the first who offered her virginity to God, without the counsel or example of others, has brought to Him all virgins who imitate her." Without counsel or example! Yes, for St. Bernard exclaims: "O Virgin, who has taught thee to please God by virginity, and on earth to lead the life of an angel?" Surely, no one but God Himself, who has chosen this most pure Virgin for His Mother, that she may be an example of chastity to all.

Let us, then, in all temptations against the holy virtue of chastity, have recourse to this Immaculate Virgin, and follow the salutary practice of reciting each morning and evening three Hail Marys in honor of her Immaculate Conception for the grace of holy purity. Holy Virgin of virgins, pray for us!

Catholic Anecdotes

OVER THE FENCE

I once heard of a good old gardener who was very generous to the poor. Many a dollar with which he could have bought new clothing, or furnished himself good meals for weeks, he gave to some poor widow or to some disabled father. Strange enough, whenever he was about to give an alms, he would say smiling:

"Now I'll throw another apple over the fence."

His friends became curious, and at length someone asked him what he meant by that peculiar expression.

"Oh! I'll gladly tell you that!" answered the friendly old gardener. "Many years ago I called a crowd of boys into my orchard and told them to eat all they wanted of the fallen pears and apples. But I forbade them to sneak any away in their pockets. One little lad, however, got the best of me.

"He didn't store any away in his trousers, but every little while he slyly threw some of the finest apples over the fence into the neighbor's field. I readily guessed his object. 'A smart little fellow!' I thought to myself. 'He can't eat them all so he throws them over the fence. There he will find them when an apple will taste good, but when the gate of my orchard is locked.

"This little scheme opened my eyes. Now, while in this world, we may use our temporal possessions, but we take neither gold nor goods with us into the next. But we can throw these things over the fence—into eternity—by giving alms and doing acts of charity to the suffering poor. I took the youngster's lesson to heart. Whenever I perform an act of charity, I say: 'Now I'll throw another apple over the fence.' This makes me smile for I am so happy to know that I will find my 'spiritual apples' on 'the other side.'"

Haste and gaining time are not synonymous. Make haste slowly, says a proverb. Do it well, should be the first consideration, if it be at all worth doing; do it quickly, not more than the second.

Pointed Paragraphs

JOY AND SADNESS

Father Seelos, whose name has been proposed for canonization, one day met a brother in religion who seemed to be very sad.

"Why so sad, Brother?" he asked. "Nothing should make us sad but sin."

"I am thinking," replied the good Brother, "of the Passion of Jesus." It was Holy Week. "I am not really sad; but one cannot help being serious when thinking of His Passion."

No, it is not sadness; it is really happiness and peace that come with that thought. Try it during the days of Lent.

AMUSEMENT

Our amusements have in recent times frequently come in for severe criticism on the part of thinking men and women.

Amusement is necessary. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a homely way of expressing a real truth. It is well to remember, however, that "All play and no work, makes him still duller," as a University professor recently reminded us.

But looking over the sources of amusement nowadays put in the way of our young people especially, we cannot help asking: "Who has poisoned the wells?" From parlor amusements, like petting, to dances; from reading to automobile riding; from film to stage; almost every form of amusement has been tainted—for the sake of making more money.

If these amusements carried as many germs of illness as they do of moral degeneration, the public would soon know how to close them up; have we less care of the souls of our young people? And have they no care of their own souls?

It has been said that amusement should: (1) Give rest from work; (2) afford joy; (3) enhance physical vitality and increase mental vigor; (4) offer opportunities for pleasing social contacts; (5) begin, renew and strengthen friendships; (6) introduce us to

intellectual pleasures, such as good literature, history, religion, science, and teach us the enjoyment of objects of art.

Will your amusements stand the test?

STREWING FLOWERS

The thought of Our Lord's sufferings made the Saints find happiness even in the midst of suffering. The blithest of saints, the Little Flower, for instance, could say:

"Yes, my Well-Beloved, Jesus, it is thus that my life is consumed for You. I have no other means of proving to You my love than by strewing flowers before You; that is to say, by letting no little sacrifice escape me—no look, no word—by profiting by the least actions and doing them for love of You. I wish to suffer for love and even to rejoice for love of You. I shall never meet one such flower without scattering its petals for You * * * and then I will sing, I will sing always, even though I have to pluck my roses from the midst of thorns. My song shall be all the sweeter, the more these thorns are long and piercing."

Making our life a song! Could we express happiness better?

THE PROFESSOR OBSERVES

Prof. E. A. Ross, of the department of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, in a public address made the following remarks on present day manners. We call attention to them because they are the words not of a priest, but of a layman who is close to the lives of the people; not of a theorist simply, but of a University Professor who is a keen observer of facts; not of a man speaking fluently and inconsiderately but earnestly and seriously to the National Motion Picture conference; not of a Catholic but of a naturalist. This is what he has to say:

"Young people who sixteen years ago were innocent children are now sex-wise, sex-excited, and sex-absorbed to a greater extent than those of any younger of which we have knowledge."

As evidence of this, he cites the following general facts:

"Evidence of the sway of the erotic is afforded by the constant drift of women's fashionable dress toward disclosure; by the rising tide of questionable literature on the news stands; by the increase of

sex-saturated stories in respectable periodicals; by the provocative dances which began to come in about a dozen years ago; by the incessant drift toward the free-and-easy at the bathing beaches."

In a word, he compares the morals of our younger generation to those of the Polynesians in the South Sea Islands, whom we pretend to call uncivilized.

THE CAUSE

As a cause of this moral decadence in our youth, the Professor severely arraigns the movies now prevalent.

"Week after week," he declares, "the children sit watching on the screen handsome heroes and lovely girls and lustful, leering villains. The man and the woman alone in a boat, in a studio, on a tropical island, in a forest glade, on a balcony, in a shipwreck. Kids of 10 or 12 watch scenes of fascination, pursuit, love-making, embracing, kissing, passionate abandon—which the jaded, commonplace adult, somewhat disappointed with self or spouse or the drabness of daily existence, finds stirring and refreshing.

"The problem," he continues, "goes much deeper than that of the salacious film." Many of the masterpieces of literature—"Adam Bede," "Romola," "The Manxman," "Trilby," "Tess," "The Scarlet Letter," "Life of Bohemia"—are obviously not suitable for youngsters. As novels, children will rarely read them, for they are not interested in love affairs or sins of the flesh.

But when one of these books is screened, "it acquires an appeal to the juvenile. With its exotic backgrounds and thrilling situations, the boy or girl follows it breathlessly who found something else to do when confronted with five hundred pages of cold type."

"Are these 'Treasures of literature' he asks, "the right thing for boys and girls to be occupied with? Most emphatically," he answers, "I should say 'No.' No sensible parent wants his Billy or Molly to become familiar with the behaviour of grown-ups under the power of the master passion, until nature gives intimation that she is ready."

Prof. Ross is an evolutionist in his moral theories. If anyone could condone conditions it would be an evolutionist. And even as an evolutionist, he is forced to say that he cannot see any good as the result of these tendencies.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Hercules, the strong man, the giant of mythology, is said to be the hero in the following story. One day he came to a parting of the ways and did not know which way to go. He sat down and began to think. And while he was so engaged he was approached by two womanly forms, coming as it were off the two roads which lay before him. On being asked who they might be, the one replied: "I am Vice. If thou wilt but follow the road I have chosen thou wilt find in it much enjoyment, plenty of money and almost unlimited pleasure. It is an easy way to travel." "But," said Hercules to the other, who stood off a trifle, "what hast thou to say for thy road?" "I am Virtue," she replied, "and the way on which I would lead thee is beset with many hardships and much work; but the end of the way leads to happiness undimmed and to immortality." Nothing daunted the young man of then eighteen summers unhesitatingly followed the way of Virtue. It is thus that he became the model of every virtue to the Greek youth; a model of self-denial, self-sacrifice and great-mindedness. So they honored him.

This story of Hercules may be the imagination of some poet of that day when Greek heroes were really great. But, be it imagination or truth, it is duplicated in the lives of all of us. As soon as we have reached manhood or womanhood the two ways lay open before us: the one broad and alluring and promising a life of ease and pleasure; the other narrow, stony and difficult, holding out to us only hardships and trials of patience that seem almost impossible. We are endowed with free-will and have the freedom of choosing the one or the other. And as we choose, so shall we live. It will be either for God and virtue, or against God and virtue: a life of good or an evil life. Whichever we choose, let us make no mistake about this truth: Death is the end of both. Then will the day of reckoning come.

Our enemy, the devil, goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. And it is he who puts into the mind such words as these: "I live but once, and why should I forego the pleasures of this life?" "Even if I am lost there will be others likewise lost, why therefore worry?" He would have all walk the broad way that leads to perdition.

Shame, then, on those Christian young men and young women who would be followers of the arch-enemy of mankind and thus make themselves less honorable among men than the hero of Greek mythology! He chose freely—and chose the path of hardships without the alluring promises of a good God and His Blessed Mother! Why should you choose differently and follow blindly the sworn enemy of your soul? It is God who gave the gift of free-will, why use it to do the things He has forbidden? It is God who promises a reward a thousand-fold in a better life—why forsake Him for the passing pleasures of this miserable life? Why prove a traitor to the love of Mary, the Perpetual Help of Christians, who has the interests of your soul so much at heart? Else, why should she have given Her Son freely for your interest on Calvary?

One of the governesses at the court of Leopold I (1610-1676), Frances, was brought up in piety and goodness. Soon after beginning her duties at court she joined two other young women as a companion. At first all went well, but upon detecting in them a lascivious mind and a freedom that was unbecoming she immediately left them. Their company was dangerous. Daily, thereafter, she thanked God for having allowed her to detect this danger. Daily, too, she was wont to pray to Mary: "My loving Mother! I know that it was you who saved me from the wiles and wickedness of these companions. I thank you, Mother of Perpetual Help, for having saved the innocence of my soul."

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Last Spring I made a Novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help at Holy Redeemer Church, of which I was then a member, to be cured of heart trouble and other ailments. I promised to have Masses said and to publish the fact—if I should be heard. Thanks to Our Blessed Lord and His dear Mother I am helped—for I do not suffer as I did."
—A. S., Detroit.

Catholic Events

The Belgian Bishops have addressed a letter to Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, to thank him for the million-dollar fund put, through his good offices, at the disposal of the University of Louvain, to insure the completion of the Library buildings now in the course of construction. Cardinal Mercier's signature to the document, one of the last the great Churchman penned, is followed by the signatures of his five suffragans.

* * *

Some time ago Dr. Victor Kienbeck, leader of the Austrian delegation to the Interparliamentary Union at Washington, paid a high tribute to Catholic organization and practice in the United States. "In the churches we visited in the various American cities," he said, "I was often pleased to see such large numbers of worshippers. From the behavior of the people during Mass and from the numbers receiving Communion, one gains the impression of a well-disciplined Catholic body to whom Christianity and its exercise is not mere thoughtless habit but purposeful and active. There are so many small signs from which an observer can comprehend the people's relation to religion: being on time for divine service, their attitude during prayer, etc. The devotion I found in the churches which I visited made an ineffaceable impression on me."

* * *

Father Henry Day, S. J., who has just returned to England after a course of lectures in the States and Canada, expressed the following views on American Catholicism: "There is much parade of piety and less of prayerful meditation. Street demonstrations and the activities of parochial organizations figure more in the make-up of Catholic life than thoughtful instructions or dogmatic discourses . . . American Catholicism reflects the American search for immediate rather than lasting result . . . Parishes are too big and the school too small to cope with the inrush of immigrants."

* * *

The total number of Catholics in Japan at present is about 200,000. But of this number only 9,550 are Japanese. The rest are: Coreans, 96,487; natives of the Pacific Islands, 10,000; Formosa, 4,937; and Sagalin, 350.

* * *

The Mexican Government has ordered the closing of Catholic schools, colleges, asylums and places of refuge conducted by priests. Several members of the American Catholic school situated in the suburbs of Mexico City visited James R. Scheffield, the American ambassador, to complain against the threatened closing of the school. The order for the closing of the schools has created intense excitement

among the Catholics, who are already stirred up by the trial of Archbishop Mora y Del Rio.

* * *

Among recent deaths we must chronicle: Cardinal Dalbor, primate of Poland, Cardinal Bennloch, Archbishop of Burgos in Spain, Archbishop Cieplak, who was on a visit to our country, and Archbishop Roy of Quebec.

* * *

Fourteen Spanish priests, deported from Mexico aboard the steamer Espagne arrived at Havana, but were denied permission to land in Cuba by the immigration authorities. Efforts of influential residents of Havana to arrange for the priests' debarkation failed, the immigration department announcing that the regulations forbade landing of non-residents who had been expelled from other countries. The Espagne thereupon sailed for Spain.

* * *

Hearings on the Curtis-Reed Education Bill creating a Federal Department of Education are to be begun on Feb. 24, by a joint subcommittee of the Senate and House Committees on Education. The hearing has been timed for the meeting at Washington of the Superintendents' Section of the National Education Association, which is pushing the Reed-Curtis Bill. The National Catholic Welfare Conference, the National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women will appear to oppose the Bill, and other organizations expected to be represented among its opponents are the Women's Constitutional League of Maryland, The Massachusetts Public Interests League, the Sentinels of the Republic, The Women Patriots and the Federation of Democratic Women of Baltimore. Among the speakers will be Prof. J. Gresham Machen of the faculty of Princeton Theological Seminary.

* * *

The Eucharistic Congress of Chicago, June 20-24th next, will bring many priests to the city, and the many Masses to be said and Communions to be distributed naturally will require many altars and vestments and sacred vessels. It is planned to give these, after the close of the Congress, to the missions, there to carry on the spirit of the Congress itself. The task of providing these altars and all Mass requisites has been assumed by the Catholic Church Extension Society. It is to the Extension Society that all will be turned over for distribution after the Congress.

* * *

The Welfare work which three Catholic Sisterhoods have been carrying on for more than half a century in Porto Rico is threatened with extinction by the operation of the quota provisions of the American immigration laws. Representations to this effect have been made by Rt. Rev. George Caruana, Bishop of Porto Rico, to Chairman Albert Johnson of the House Committee on Immigration. The Bishop has asked for slight amendments to the immigration laws which would permit other members of these Sisterhoods from Spain to enter Porto Rico to continue the work now being carried on there. The Spanish

quota,—only 131 under the present law,—is so small that not enough Sisters can be admitted to replace those who die or become too old to carry on their accustomed labors.

* * *

More than three hundred Catholic nurses from eleven Catholic hospitals as well as from public and non-Catholic hospitals met in the auditorium of Loyola University, Chicago, to form plans for the organization of a local group of the International Catholic Guild of Nurses. They, together with the alumnae of the Catholic nursing schools of Chicago will assist in caring for the health of visitors to the Eucharistic Congress in June.

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The greater New York Federation of Churches, through Dr. William B. Millar, general secretary of the organization, has announced that it will fight the efforts being made by the Freethinkers' Society of New York to curtail and eliminate the teaching of religion in Public schools. The Freethinkers' Society will appear before Supreme Court Justice Russell in Albany to ask a writ which would prevent local school authorities anywhere in this State from dismissing children early one day a week to attend religious instruction in the churches of their parents, as is now being done in several parts of the State.

* * *

More than a hundred American sailors were received in audience by the Holy Father on Feb. 10. They were from the cruiser "Pittsburg" and were led by Commanders Carpenter and Edwards and were presented by the vice-rector of the American College. The Holy Father expressed great pleasure at receiving the American naval men because, as he said, they came from a country in which there is such a flourishing Christian and Catholic Faith, where there is so much charity and such hopes for the future. Notwithstanding that they are men of war, the pontiff said, he blessed them as men of peace because their service insures the safety of their country and its pacific well-being.

* * *

The fifth Congress of the organization known as the Catholic Action of Lithuania, was held at Kaunas, Lithuania, in January. It reveals some interesting facts concerning Catholic life and action in that country. The Catholic Action of Lithuania had its beginning in 1906 when the Russian Government granted partial religious liberty to the people, but has made important strides since the country has gained its independence. The first step was the formation of the Association of St. Joseph for working men and the Society of St. Zita for girls in domestic service. Catholic students in the University of Kaunas also banded together and were joined by those of the gymnasium and intermediary schools, to the number of several thousands. The Association of St. Casimir distributes several hundred thousand volumes every year and publishes several papers. There are two flourishing organizations of Catholic women maintaining a number of special girls' schools, and an organization of Catholic youth in rural districts, which despite its rather recent formation, already numbers more than twenty thousand members of both sexes.

Some Good Books

When the Soul is in Darkness. From the German of Henriette Brey. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y. Price, \$1.75.

The outstanding purpose of this volume is well expressed in its subtitle: "A book for those that labor and are burdened." The author—a bedridden invalid—was herself called upon to drink the chalice of sorrow, and by a loving contemplation of the Life of the Saviour, found the way to interior peace by entire resignation to the will of God. And in her charity she wished to share her secret of true consolation and encouragement with other souls.

We earnestly recommend this book to all for spiritual reading, particularly for members of religious communities.

Two Vincentian Martyrs. Translated by Florence Gilmore. Published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, N. Y. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

The age of martyrs is not gone. Witness these two members of the Congregation of the Mission—Blessed Francis Regis Clet and Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre—who shed their blood for the faith fairly within our own times. Their biographies lay claim to special interest at present in view of China's attitude towards foreigners and the "foreign religion," for it was in China that they labored and died. We need more lives such as these to awaken and keep alive in American Catholics an interest in the Field Afar.

Scripture Readings for Times of Retreat. By Rev. George O'Neill, S.J. Published by Frederick Pustet Co. Price, \$1.50.

We would prefer to add: and for all times; especially for spare moments. It is one of those books we would gladly take with us as we stroll through a garden. It is one of those books that will serve as constant companion and faithful monitor in whom

we fain look up from the dust of our earthly existence and think of higher things. It may well be kept on our desks and tables ever open to sanctify and soothe the few spare moments of a busy life. The sick will find solace and the strong will find spiritual vigor.

Even those whose theological studies have made them scrupulous about the exact text will come across critical notes that will allay their anxieties. Here and there the notes will point out pertinent details of archaeology.

The language is the author's own, polished, dignified, elegant.

The Little Flower of Carmel. By Michael Williams. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Son, New York. Price, \$1.35, postpaid.

"To the arguing then of my thesis, first, that Therese Martin is the greatest woman of our age, and, second, that she is a proof of the modern revival of Christianity, and in particular, of Christianity's supreme and permanent form, the Catholic Church, I devote these pages."

Thus Michael Williams outlines the purpose he sets himself in writing this little book. It is an appreciation of her life, a series of reflections on it, rather than a life. And the reflections are worth while, interesting and compelling. The book deserves a place in the family library beside the other books on and about the Little Flower.

The Adorable Sister Alicia. By Gilbert Guest. Published by the author, 232 So. 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

The book, the fruit of experience in an Academy, is evidently meant for Sisters engaged in similar work. It will provoke thought and discussion and perhaps suggest new ideas. It will serve to keep before them lofty ideals, which like the unattainable stars, may not be realized as brilliantly as in the case of Sister Alicia, but will be guiding stars, none the less.

Lucid Intervals

A young alienist was showing his father over the insane asylum of which he was the head. The father was an excellent man, a bit too pretentious, perhaps, but on the whole excellent. The son showed him the inmates.

"That one over there," he said, "is doing better. We shall release him soon. We really have hopes."

"And that solemn-looking fellow over there, who keeps his head in his hands constantly?"

"Incurable, Father. He thinks he is Louis XVI."

"Just a moment. I shall speak to him. Perhaps I can do something about it."

In a short while the father returned. "Yes," he said, "he is getting along much better now. He thinks he is only Louis XIV."

"They caught Dick Ferris today."

"How?"

"He went into a shoe store to buy some shoes and they pinched him."

A stout woman asked a little boy: "Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the park?" He said: "I guess so. A load of hay just went through."

"Hiram, why didn't you tell me this here Ford didn't run afore I bought it?"

"Wal, the feller thet sold her to me didn't say nothin' about it so I thought it was a secret."

He (just introduced)—What a very homely person that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Black!

She—Isn't he? That is Mr. Black. He—How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives!

Catherine—The days of miracles are over.

Kathryn—I don't know about that. I read an article the other day that set me thinking.

"There's a man outside who wants something to eat." "Give him some doughnuts and coffee, Jane." "He seems to have seen better days, mum." "Poor fellow! Then let him have a finger bowl, too, Jane."

Engineer's Sweetheart—And do you always think of me when you're out on those long trips?

Engineer—Do I? I've wrecked two trains that way already.

Sweetheart—Oh, you darling!

Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper, and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."

A strapping German with big beads of perspiration streaming down his face was darting in and out the aisles of a Philadelphia department store. His excited actions attracted the attention of all the employees, and they hardly knew what to make of it.

A hustling young man of the clothing department walked up to him and asked, "Are you looking for something in men's clothing?"

"No," he roared, "not men's clothing, vimmens' clothing. I can't find my wife."

Two women who were riding in a street car were discussing their favorite operas, and as the conductor approached to take their fares, one of the women, handing him her fare, remarked, "I simply adore Carmen!"

Blushing to the roots of his hair, the embarrassed conductor replied, "Try the motorman, madam; he's a single man!"

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* * *

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$1,893.64; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$3,248.28; Burse of St. Joseph, \$643.00; Burse of St. Francis Assissi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower; \$2,946.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$253.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$423.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$225.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$2,500.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$20.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$3.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1.00; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$750.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$444.25.

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